AMERICAN POLITICS TURNED INSIDE OUT.

Seamy Sides Seen by Rudyard Kipling in the Clear Light of California.

AMERICAN MAIDENS ANALYZED.

Ethnological and Other Problems To Be Worked Out with America's Destiny.

I have been watching machinery in repose after

reading about machinery in action. An excellent gentleman, who bears a name hon-ored in the magazine, writes, much as Disraeli orated, of "the sublime instincts of an ancient people," the certainty with which they can be rusted to manago their own affairs in their own way, and the speed with which they are making for all sorts of desirable goals. This he called a statement or purview of American politics.

I went almost directly afterward to a saloon where gentlemen interested in ward politics wightly congregate. They were not pratty persons. Some of them were bloated, and they all swore cheerfully till the heavy gold watch chaius on their fat stomachs rose and fell again; but they taked over their liquor as men who had power and unquestioned access to places of trust and profit.

The magazine writer discussed theories of govern ment; these men the practice. They had been there. They knew all about it. They banged their fists on the table and spoke of political "pulls," the vending of votes and so forth. Theirs was not the talk of village bubblers reconstructing the affairs of the nation, but of strong, coarse, lustful men fighting for spoil and thoroughly understanding the best methods of reaching it.

Histoned long and intently to speech I could not understand or but in spots.

It was the speech of business, however. I had

sense enough to know that, and to do my laughing outside the door.

Then I began to understand why my pleasant and well educated hosts in San Francisco spoke with a bitter scorn of such duties of citizenship as voting and taking an interest in the distribution of offices. Scores of men have told me without false pride that they would as soon concern themselves with the public affairs of the city or State as rake muck with a steam shovel. It may be that their lofty disdam covers self-sheas, but I should be very sorry habitually to meet the fat gentlemen with shiny top hat and plump cigars in whose society I have been spending the evaning. Read about nollties as the entitured writer of the magazines regards am and then, and not till then, pay yours respects to the gontlemes who run the grims reality. and well educated hosts in San Francisco spoke

megatine species to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness who run the pay your respects to the gontienness and the pay the

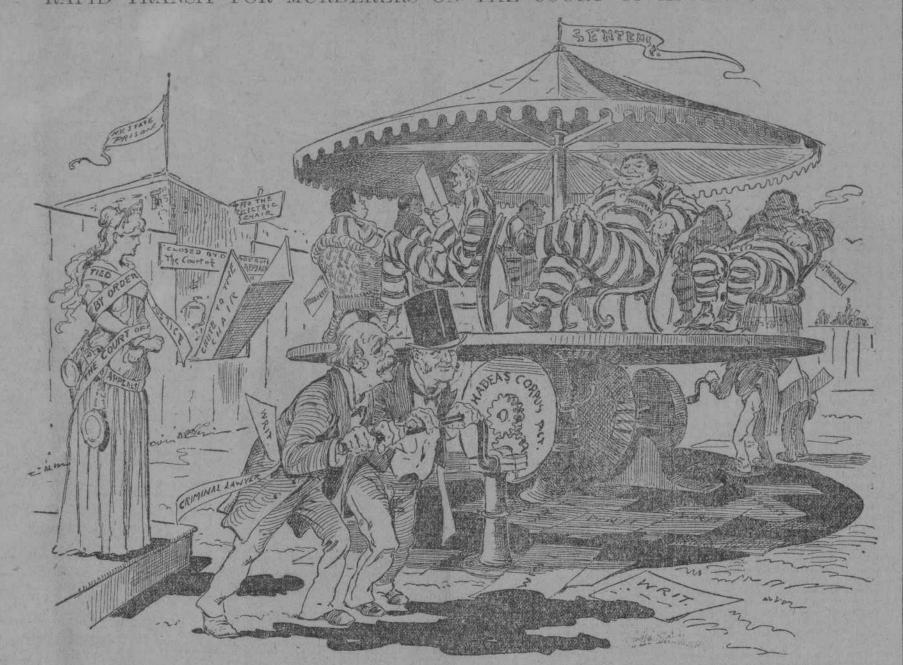
much respected for all her twenty inexperienced summers. Item, a woman from cloudland who has no history in the past or fluture, but is discreotly of the present and strives for the confidences of male humanity on the grounds of "sympathy" (methinks this is not sloogether a new type).

Item, a girl in a "dive," blessed with a Greek head and eyes, that seem to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world. But woe is me! She has no ideas in this world or the next beyond the consumption of beer as commission on each bottle) and protests that she sings the songs allotted to her nightly without more than the vaguest notion of their meaning.

Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seaming those who live in the pleakant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damesis of France, clinging closely to their mothers and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who inderstand her is the Anglo-Indian "spin" in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are cruinnal, and regard you between the brows with unabashed eyes as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed, too, in the folly and vanity of the mail mind, for they have associated with "the boys" from babyhood and can discerningly minister to both vices or pleasantly snub the possessor. They possess, moreover, a life among themselves, independent of any masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea fights where all the guests are girls. They are self-possessed, without parting with any tenderness that is their sex-right; they understand; they can be so bearing the possessed, without parting with any tenderness that is their sex-right; they understand; they can be so clearming, they say:

"It is because we are better sducated than your girls, and—and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all round, but we aren't tanget to regard to men. We have good times all round, but we are

RAPID TRANSIT FOR MURDERERS ON THE COURT OF APPEALS SYSTEM.



Then the press corrs about the brutal ferocity of the pagan.

The Italian reconstructs his friend with a long kulfe. The press complains of the waywardness of tite alien.

The Irishman and the native Californian in their hours of discontent use the revolver, not chose, but six times. The press records the fact and asks in the next column whether the world can parallel the progress of San Francisco. The American who loves his country will tell you that this sort of thing is confined to the lower classes. Just at present an ex-judge who was sent to jail by another judge (upon my word I cannot tell whether these titles mean anything) is breathing red hot vengeance against his enemy. The papers have interviewed both parties and confidently expect a fatal issue.

take care of themselves; they are superbly independent. When you ask them what makes them so tharming they say:—

"It is because we are better aducated than your content of the property of t

Schlars file and in the color. You would never believe me.

All manner of nourishing food from sea fish to beer may be bought at the lowest prices, and the people are consequently well developed and of a high atomach. They demand ten shillings for the reaches a file the series of the men as a file to the sixteen shillings a farmed lock of a trunk, they receive sixteen shillings a day for welling as carpentary, they spend many stypeness on the same them are they seen they spend many stypeness on the same that the same the men in the public streets. I was just clear of Alission street when the trouble began between two gentlemen, one of whom perforated the other. When a pollcoman in a trunc arm of which the arranges his coat talls as he sits down to catch sight of a loaded rovolver. It is enough to know that fits per cent of the men in the public streets will be harded to the color of the pagala. The chiraman waylays his adversary and methodically chops him to pieces with his hatchot. Then the press coars about the hrutal ferocity of the pagala.

The Italian reconstructs his friend with a long mining in case any death should have been overlosed, and the carbon size of the sales.

The Italian reconstructs his friend with a long in case any death should have been overlosed. The pagalan reconstructs his friend with a long in case any death should have been overlosed. The press complains of the waywardness of the alien.

The Italian reconstructs his friend with a long in case any death should have been overlosed. The press complains of the exact and the results of the man and the native Californian in their hours of discontent use the revolver of the men in the press coarse about the hours have been considered the corpes of every man slain to discontent use the reconstructs his friend with a long in case any death should have been overlosed. The pagalan reconstructs his friend with a long in case any death should have been overlosed. The pagalan reconstructs his friend with a long in case any death should have been o

heed to the warlike sentiments of some of the old generals.

"The skyrockets are thrown in for effect," quoth he, "and whenever we get on our hind legs we always express a desire to chaw up England. It's a sort of family affair." And indeed, when you come to think of it, there is no other country for the American public speaker to trample upon. France has Germany, we have Russia: for Italy Austria is provided, and the humblest Pathan possesses an ancestral enemy.

Only America stands out of the racket, and therefore to be in fashion makes a sandbag of the mother country and bangs her when occasion requires. "The chain of forfreeses" man, a fascinating talker, explained to me offer the affair that he was compelled to blow off steam. Everybody expected it.

When we had chanted "The Star Spangled Ban-

nough.
A mission should be established.
RUDYARD KIPLING.

NEWEST BOOKS.

THE PIRST AMERICAN SENATE, BY A MEMBER. JOERNAL OF WILLIAM MACLAY, UNITED STATES SES-ATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA, 1769-1791. Edited by Edgar S. Maclay, A. M. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

So meagre are the official reports of the doings of the first Congress after the adoption of the constitution that Mr. Maclay's journal must always be of great historical value. The author was the short term Senator from his State, Robert Morris being his colleague. He was a man of means and character, a lawyer by profession and the legal representative in America of William Penn's descendants. He had some experience in legislation when elected to the Senate, for he had been a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly and also of the Supreme Executive Council of his State. While Senator he recorded in his journal each evening the proceedings of the day, and these records, many of them voluminous, give the book its value.

Mr. Maclay was an earnest anti-federalist—so earnest that his editor intimates that he, instead of Jefferson, should be regarded as the father of the democratic party. He was not, however, in any sense a leader. His only prominence seems to have been in the character of an objector. He opposed almost every measure that had in it money or honor for any one. Even Haminton's plan for supplying the government with money for current expenses seemed iniquitous, because some one would make a little money by handling the loan; of Hamilton himself Mr. Maclay says nothing good, but the first Secretary of the Treasury has many to keep him company; indeed, on laying down the book the reader will be of the impression that the nation must have been going to the dogs in 1791, for nobody was honest and patriotic but Mr. Maclay, and ho was retiring to private life. At "bestial badney"whatever that may have been-his own colleague, Robert Moriis, "is certainly the worst blackguard Hobert Mories, "10 certainly the worst blackguard lever heard open a mouth." General Schuyler, the courtly Senator from New York, "seems the prototype of coverbusness;" Hamilton is base, and as for John Adams, the author seems unable to look at him or think of him without bursting with vituperation. To Washington he at first accorded right motives, but affectward wrote:—"Does he really look like a man who enters into the spirit of his appointment? Does he show that he receives it in trust for the hoppiness of the people and not as a fee simple for his own emolument?" A week later he writes, "If there be treasen in the wish I retract it, but would to God this same General Washington were in heaven!" The New York delegation wished this city to remain the untional capital. So "these Yorkers are the vilest of people, their vices have not the palliation of being manly."

From these exceptle it will be seen that Mr. Maclay was not a man whose personal opinions of men and affairs can have any value. From this book he appears to have been narrow, suspicious and a poor judge of human nature. He seems also to have suffered from rheumatisim, indigestion and homesickness—maladies which have weakened greater minds than his. Between his opinions and his facts, however, a broad line must be drawn, and his book must become and ramain an authority on much that was done and said by our first Congress under the constitution.

See Francis Drake. By Julian Corbott. Macmillan & Co. New York. lever heard open a mouth." General Schuyler,

Sin Francis Drake. By Julian Corbott. Macmillan & Co., New York. This new volume of the "Men of Action" series deserves high praise, for it is an hones bit of biography instead of one of the romances which writers usually perpetrate when they have Drake for a subject. It is also a good running comment on the men, morals and politics of England in the

on the men, morals and politics of England in the sixteenth century. The author explains the peculiar commercial morality of the times, which permitted buceaneering and privateering, and caused a daring sailor sometimes to wonder, as he approached a home port, whether he would be knighted or hanged. Queen klizabeth is the subject of some plain talk which does not increase the reaser's respect two that angust personage, and the internal affairs of England are depicted in a manner to make one wonder that the nation head together at all and triumphed over densestic and foreign wars. None of the exciting incidents of Drake's career are neglected, yet the record is not likely to impel any wild boy to erna away to sea.

UNORE THE DEODARS. By Buddard Kinling. Au-

Mr. Kipling's tales are as popular as ever, and each new collection of them is eagerly purchased, but the present volume is the shortest that any one has dared to print. It contains exactly eighty-

one has dared to print. It contains exactly eightytwo pages of fiction and in padded out to book size
by an addition of fifty pages of rhyme from another of the same author's books—"Departmental
Dittles"—already published. The newer portion
of the contents consists of five sketches in which
most of the characters are women of the AngloIndian type most familier to Mr. Ripling's readers,
indeed, the author has thought it advisable to haif
apologize in his praface to such decent people as
are is India by trying "to assure the ill informed
that India is not entirely inhabited by men and
women playing tennis with the seventh command
ment." Some readers will be gratified to learn
that Mr. Kipling knows this much himself, and
they will hope that he will find at least a few
reputable men and women worth writing about.

BRAVE YOUNG OFFICERS KILLED BY INDIANS.

Flower of the Nation's Army Melting Away in Time of Peace.

FRIGHTFUL FRONTIER DEATH ROLL.

How the American Army Is Paying the Penalty for Every Wrong Done Our Indian Wards.

Another brave spirit gone! Another gallant fel low foully and treacherously murdered by the red men, and God sione snows who is to go next.

There was something particularly and about the killing of Lieutenant Casey. He was one of the pets of the whole service, and by that I mean not the pets described by the Washington correspondents of some of our papers, but a frontier pat-a man loved by his comrades and almost worshipped by his men because of the gental qualities that seemed to overficy within him-

He was one of the pets of the corps of cadets in the days when he were the gray and I was on duty as an instructor.

He was full of wit, fon and devilment-a ring-leader in the pranks of his classmates and the centre of a laughing group at every recreation

He was one of the crack officers of his regiment-Stanley's old Twenty second

His selection to organize and command the first troop of Indian scouts raised for service in the Northwest was an admirable one. Heart and soul he threw himself into the task, and his enthusiasm hadreven reached and impressed the Socretary of

Mr. Remington, the artist, who has done such yooman service in bringing our frontier life and service before the eyes of the people, was with him at the moment of his tragic end, and has told in simple but thrilling words the story of how the Brules first invited his coming, then turned him

in simple but thrilling words the story of how the Brules first invited his coming, then turned him back, and, like the brutal cowards they are, stot him dead the instant his head was turned.

Where will it end?

Only a fortnight ago we got the news of Wallace's death at Wounded knee, and of the wounding of Garlington. Mann and Hawthorne. Does any one realize, I wonder, what losses the little army has sustained in our battling with the hostics, for whom, if the truth were told, we feel far more sympathy and friendaily as a rule than do the people at brge? I would be far too long a story to tell of the years spent in close proximity to the various tribes, the intimate knowledge acquired of their actual needs, their real wrongs, their fancied grievances, their usual treatment at the hands of the politically appeinted lindian agents.

Substat this moment I am mainly impressed with the truth and far reaching extent of the conviction forced upon needs and beautiful the hards and the red man, and no matter whether the obliginal wrong is wrought by agent or Indian, when the latter takes the warpath it is the soldier who suffers. I am bound to say that once he digs up the hatchet and prepares for business our noble red man forgets the favors and hospitalities shown him perhaps for years by his soldier friends, and he eagerly draws a head on captain this or leutenant that, around whose doorsteps he has been beging or in whose sitchen he has been fed more times than he can ecunt on bis carridges, and he is sure to have a plentiful supply of these. He buys them between thmes as he does his Winchester or Heavy at ten times their cost price in furs or petries from the very settlers who are the first to imperion the care contents.

Liouisnani H. S. Bingham, Second cavalry, near the same spot and by the same Indians, December 6, only two weeks before. Lieuterant Lyman S. Kidder, Second cavalry, near Pert Wallace, Rancas, July, 1897. Liouteoand John U. Jeanness, Twenty-coventh infantry, near Fort Phil Kenroy, Angast, 1897. (A fatal neigh-borbood this, beth then and thereafter). his, beth then and therenfter;, nat John Madigan, First cavalry, Pitt Biver, Soptember, 1967. ant Ngjamund Sternberg, Twenty-seventh in-cir C.P. Smith (near Fort Phil Kearny), Au- 1. 1887.
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int Frederick H. Beecher, Third Infantry, Sep-, 1888, Arickares Fork of the Republica; Lansas. (Colonel George A. Forarth, of Sheri, wounded and erippied for His in same fight), and William Enssell, Vr., Fourth cavairy, near Toxas, May 15, 1870.
int t. B. Kambauch, Second cavairy, near unt. B. Kambauch, Second cavairy, near unt. B. Stambanch, Second cavalry, near Wyo, May, 1870, ward B. Cushing, Third cavalry (brother shing of the navy), Arisona, May 5, 1874, in Yeaton, Third cavalry (died of wounds field)

d in same fight), count Fred R. Vincent, Ninth cavalry, fight at d's Wells, Texas, april 20, 1872, count fiber the description of Northern Pacific Hailrond, October 5, 1872, count Lewis Adair, Twenty-second infantry, same utionant Raid T. Stewart, Pifth cavairy, Arizona, ast 27, 1872 (murdered by Apiaches), plan kwar Thomas, Pourth, artitlery, Lava Beds, urais, April 26, 1673, battle with Medoca, sitemant Athen Howe, Fourth artillery, same fight, utionant Arthur Granston, Fourth artillery, same ght.
Lioutenant George M. Harris, Fourth artillery, died of
ounds received in same fight.
Lioutenant T. F. Wright, Tweifth infantry, same fight.
Lioutenant Jacob Aimy, Fifth cavairy, killed while
retecting an Indian agont, San Carlos, A. T., May 27,
573

days by Sioux, Costodawon Crock, wyo., reheatly 3, 1874.
Captain Myles W. Keogh, Sevouth cavalry, battle of the Little Roin, Mont., June 25, 1876.
Uspaain George W. Yatos, Sevouth cavalry, same fight. Captain T. W. Chater. Sevouth cavalry, same fight. Heutenant and Adjutant W. W. Cooke, Seventh cavalry, same fight.
Assistant burgeon George E. Lord, U. S. A., same fight. Lieutenant A. S. Smith, Seventh cavalry, seme fight. Lieutenant Donald McIntosh, Seventh cavalry (Rone's hattailoo) same date.
Lieutenant James Calhonn, Seventh cavalry, same fight.

t. eutenant James E. Porter, Seventh cavalty, same fight. Lifettenant Benjamin W. Hodgson, Seventh cavalry (tieno's battalics), same date. Lieutenant James G. Sturgis, Seventh cavalry, same ght. Libutenant W. Van W. Reilly, Seventh cavalry, same it.
iontenant John J. Crittenden, Twenty-second intry same fight.
Jentenant H. M. Harrington, Seventh cavalry, same ht. Jouenant John A. McKinney, Fourth cavalry, Powder ver, Wyo., Nevember 25, 1878. Japtain Owen Hale. Seventh cavalry, Boar's Paw hat-ground, leading the charge on Chief Joseph's band, 1677.

J. Williams Biddel, Seventh cavalry, fell plain in same charge.

Ham Logau, Soventh Infantry, battle of Big out., August 5, 1877.

James H. Bradley, Seventh infantry (the who made the daving night ride the prelocate the aureivors of the battle on the killed in same dight.

William L. English, Seventh infantry, ant E. E. Heller, Twenty-first Infantry, White S. Idaho, June 17, 1877. E. C. Hentig, Sixth cavalry, Arizona, August nant Goorge W. Smith, Ninth cavalry, New August P. 1881, mant Seward Mott, Tonth cavalry, Arisona, 1,1887. 1887.

ant Novier M. Raines, First cavairy, Craig's 1, Idaho, July 21, 1877.

a Audrew & Honnett, Fifth infahtry, Clark's notain, Wyo, September 4, 1879.

Thomas T. Thornburgh, Fourth infantry, Milk D., September 29, 1879.

and William B. Woit, Ordnance Department, Utas, White River, Col., Getober 20, 1879. killed by Uton, White River, Col., October 20, 1872.
Add to these the names of the gifted and popular Dr. Maddox and Lieutents J. Hansell French, Tenth cavalry, who were killed in the later Apache campaign, and of galiant Captain Walhee, Seventh cavalry the fourth captain to be killed lighting at the head of "E" troop, and now of "Ned" Casey, of the Twenty-second infantry, and arguent that by the flat four times its size, of the officers now maimed and crippled by the wounds received in this savage and inglerious warfare, and it must be admitted that the percentage of casualities is indeed heavy. And then think of the salisted men' CHARLES KING, Captain U. S. A.